

Spit-Shine

The dinner, finished, is done. I fold
& fold the square
linen
napkin that my lap's
like -- clean -- & wedge it
somewhere under china
& the high-powered crystal,
somewhere between all that juice
& dry table, somewhere
out of sight. All napkins are weapons
used to intimidate us
into non-salivation,
to keep us cultured in the sight of food. Try
it. (Eat sometime.) It all tastes
like napkin, when they're this clean.
I tried it. It was napkin, it was delicious
tablecloth, it was a form of parch.
Now, in this moment of culture,
I choke on it, & drool --
I need a water, some glass,
a napkin for my shoe; I want to
swallow & wipe with my sleeve.

-- Marvin Bell

Iowa City, Iowa

received and worth noting:

The excellent title poem of Cristopher Perret's new book, *BLOOD AND OTHER POEMS*, (Outposts Publications Dulwich Village, England, 1963, \$1.50) appeared in WR:2. Felix Pollak (the Felix Anselm in WR:8) has authored the *CASTLE AND THE FLAW* (Elizabeth Press, 103 Van Etten Blvd., New Rochelle, N.Y., 1963, \$1.00). Definitely buy Carl Larsen's *THE NAKED AND THE DEAD AND THE PRIDE AND THE* (100 words by actual count) *AND THE SAD AND THE SORRY MEET FRANKENSTEIN* (Hors Commerce Press, 22526 Shadycroft Ave. in Torrance, Calif., \$1.00) Jay Socin's *BACKFIRE* is only 50¢ (a buy from Interim Books, Box 35, Village Station, N.Y. 14, N.Y.) *SORROW'S SPY* by James L. Weil is just off the press of American Weave, 4109 Bushnell Rd., University Heights 18, Ohio (\$1.00).